SPRING GATHERINGS.

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SPRING GATHERINGS.

SPRING GATHERINGS:

A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "BLOSSOMS OF POESY," "OCCASIONAL RAMBLES,"
ETC. ETC.

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TO

JOHN BARRITT MELSON, ESQ.,

A.B., M.D., F.C.P.S., &c. &c.

OF BIRMINGHAM,

Whose Christian virtues, associated with high attainments in Science and Literature, have won for him, in public and private life, the "golden opinions of all sorts of men," this volume, in grateful remembrance of many kindly offices, is most respectfully and affectionately dedicated,

By his obliged friend and servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

My task is ended. I have wound into a wreath the wild flowers of my fancy—and all that now remains for the Author of "Spring Gatherings" to do, is to appear before that tribunal which awaits every candidate for literary honours. The desire of communicating to others those thoughts and feelings which constitute that ideal world ever present to the inner mind, is common to all men—as much so to the unlettered hind, who traces his alphabetical characters in the sand, as the profound schoolman, versed in all the mysteries of Greek and Latin. I cannot then be accused of presumption, in seeking, through the medium of these pages, to hold converse with existences around me.

Some of the pieces have already appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," "La Belle Assemblée," and other periodicals. I presume no apology is necessary for re-printing them here.

There is an old adage, "the best of friends must part:" it is 'even so;' and as circumstances which I cannot controul compel me to withdraw from all intercourse with the Muses, I avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge the kind attentions I have from time to time received, assuring the gentleman bearing the distinguished name his worth and talents have placed at the head of this volume, and all who have approved my efforts, that my highest ambition is gratified, if I may be allowed to adopt the sentiment of Childe Harold, and say—

——————— "I twine
My hopes of being remembered with my line."

Liverpool, May, 1845.

SPRING.

SPRING.

There's a shout from the hills as the swallow flits by,
A breathing of music from sun-cloud and sky—
A chorus of laughter o'er river and lake,
A murm'ring of voices round thicket and brake—
A song in the valley, a tramping of feet,
And rustling of leaves where the young zephyrs meet,—
And Nature, aroused from her pillow of snow,
Whence the ice-torrent streamed in a deluge below,

To a freshness of being enkindled, at once
Leaps forth from the earth with a joyous response—
With an instinct of beauty, essaying to sing
The glory and praise of the life-giving Spring.

Vertumnus hath passed, with his golden-haired
queen,
O'er the new blushing earth, in his chariot of green :
He hath issued his mandate, and spirits appear
From Tempé, a garland to weave for the year—
A sisterly triad of beauteous renown,
With sceptre of sunbeam, and star-lighted crown—
Collina, she wendeth her way o'er the hills,
And roods of fine land Ceres mirthfully tills—
And Flora, adorned from Elysian bowers,
Bespangles the soil with her vase-treasured
flowers—
While sturdy Sylvanus, in gayest of moods,
His light robe of green flingeth o'er the dark woods.

The carpet of Nature, so tastefully laid,
And to earth, as an heir-loom, from Heaven conveyed,
By Alpha of old, was in wisdom designed,
From the curious work of his own mystic mind—
And looks like that storied world vanished away,
Ere purity's sun set on Eden's first day—
And the midnight of sin o'er the universe fell,
Till it shook 'neath the black-warring banners of hell—
And it gives back the blushes of morning and even,
As Nun-plighted vows at the footstool of Heaven—
A compact of grandeur, while clustering eyes
Look down from their chambers of light in the skies.

The sky-lark starts up from her emerald bed,
And soars, where the cloudling in glory has led
The way, through bright halls in the uppermost sky,
To aid in the song of the Angels on high—

The blackbird, in glossy suit proudly attired,
Joins in the loud choir by creation inspired,—
And the musical song of the merry-voiced thrush,
Is laughed into welcomes by bramble and bush,—
And the bee's busy hum, and the flute-speaking
breeze,
Find an eloquent echo in blossom-hung trees—
An echo of rapture, on pentachord string,
Extolling the bountiful blessings of Spring.

First and fairest the snowdrop and daisy are seen,
Twin flowers of the Springtide, in homeliest sheen—
Next the primrose steals forth, and the daffodil
bold
Puts on its rich mantle of finely-wrought gold—
The sweet-scented gilly, with infant dews wet,
And vain polyanthus, like amethysts set
In the tiar of beauty, uprising appear
With smiles as of angels to gladden the year,

And lead on in rapture the virginal train
Of summer-born beauties o'er mountain and plain,
In Ottoman, Spanish, and fairy costume,
To light up the scene with their marvellous bloom.

Now Childhood released from the nursery fire,
Goes forth with a pure and ambitious desire,
And its soul-stirring peal through the woodland is heard,
As the whoop of the huntsman, or trill of the bird—
The red ruddy cheek of the hale peasant child
Is fanned by the mountain blast, piercing and wild—
And young happy lovers, with hopes beaming high,
Return to the Spring on its bosom to lie—
Even hoar wrinkled Age, with infirmity worn,
Looks back on the long dream of Life's early morn—
The hamlet's remembered, from poplar to rill,
And time, for the moment, stands playfully still.

A welcome to Spring, with its fountains and flowers,
Its gay smiling pleasures, and far gayer hours—
It breaks through the trammels of winter's dark thrall,
With transports and blessings for each and for all—
It waits on the dying and dead with a kiss,
And speaks of a Spring in the mansions of bliss—
It searcheth out ever the children of woe,
And aideth their wants without vanity's show—
Whether dwelling on city parade, or lone moor,
Its greeting is answered at every door—
Then a welcome we'll give it, and Nature shall ring
With the plaudits and praise of the earth-loving Spring.

EARLY FLOWERS.

The tribe of early flow'rets,
How beautiful they seem;
Like stars that come at sunset,
Or fairies in a dream;—
To music of the springtide
They dance along the plain,
And win with sunny gladness
The summer back again.

This earth, esteemed a wilderness,
Is made an Eden bright;
With these her holy offspring,
Creations of the light,—
As though some gentle angel,
Commissioned love to bear,
Had wandered o'er the greensward,
And left its footprints there.

Wherever rests the human eye,
These infant glories spring;
As though a blessing to the heart
Of man they sought to bring—
A blessing from the Great One,
Who gives such lovely flowers,
Bright revelations of Himself,
To senseless hearts of ours.

The tribes of early flow'rets,
  Like holy thoughts enshrined,
An altar to the "Unknown God"
  They raise in every mind;
The hills and everlasting skies
  In grandeur have their birth,
But the early flow'rets only
  His image bring to earth.

THE DAISY QUEEN.

The Daisy Queen, the Daisy Queen,
Hath aught upon earth so fair ever been?
On the wayroad side, or 'neath greenwood shade,
Her palace is reared of the long grass blade--
She's a beauteous consort, wild and free,
As African briar, or Nastertium tree—
And scattereth welcomes of joy around
Her fern-tent's glittering marshal ground.

She courteth the sun, as a princely beau,
And the charm of her face he well doth know,
When he stayeth his last glance on the hill
To kiss off her blushes, tear-mantled still—
And when on the breast of Aurora he rides,
From his orient couch through the day's silver tides,
He greeteth the sentinel Daisy Queen
With the passionate smiles he has elsewhere seen.

Plain is her garb, of vestal white,
Tinged with streaks of vermillion bright;
Yet she envieth not the richer hue
Of the columbine, or larkspur blue—
And her lovely mates of the wood and field,
Their choicest perfumes hourly yield,
To welcome there as a blessed thing,
This harbinger of the early Spring.

She loveth the tones of the young and gay,
Laughing life's after sorrows away,
And whisp'reth of love, in persuasive sighs,
To their merry hearts and laughing eyes—
While Time looketh on, still sowing the seed
Of stern Philosophy's selfish creed—
A fine and a joyous sight to see
The world in the arms of infancy.

She peepeth through winter's curtain of snow,
And mingleth her presence with waste and woe—
She braveth the tempest and northerly blast,
And laugheth again when their might is past.
A great boon of God is this beautiful flower,
Bestowed upon man in a blessing-fraught hour—
And earth would appear but a wilderness scene,
Were we 'reft of the smiles of the Daisy Queen.

THE SPIRIT OF DAY.

The Spirit of Day, she heralds her way,
Like angels travelling o'er the sky—
And flappeth her wings as she wildly flings
Beauty and life from her sparkling eye—
With jewel and gem in her bright diadem,
She is chaste as the lily or snow ;
And folds in her arms a dominion of charms,
The bright creatures of earth never know ;—
How her glories expand over ocean and land,
As she marches in splendid array,—
For a life-giving queen, in her sun lighted sheen,
Is the beautiful Spirit of Day.

The image of morn it is her's to adorn
In a vesture pellucid and bright;
And the subjects so fair, of the Spirit of Air,
In her palaces dance with delight—
Spring blossom and trees, as they scent on the breeze,
Wear her mantles of liveried green;
And the wild honey bee plys its industry
Where the charm of her presence has been—
The cloudling of night, as it rides in its might,
'Fore the smile of an easterly ray,
Of its terror is shorn, and a triumph is borne
By the beautiful Spirit of Day.

To the heart does she speak, as she lights up the cheek
Of the young and the beautiful fair;
Are there treasures enshrined in the casket of mind,
And her hand hath not planted them there?

Hath the wide earth a spot where she tarrieth not,
As the genius of light in the world?
Still bright as when first from the Godhead she burst,
In effulgence and grandeur unfurled;—
The round of time told, and our nature grown old,
Must in darkness and ruin decay,
But rekindled again, high in heaven shall reign
The beautiful Spirit of Day.

THE RETURN.

Would my thoughts had never wandered—
Never lost their hold on thee;
Nor, while clouds of anger threatened,
Ventured on a boist'rous sea.
Brighter hopes, and sweeter visions,
Of the future had been mine—
More of joy, my heart had treasured,
More, it had been worthy thine.

Yet, I loved thee—'twas not wav'ring
  Turned my trusting feet aside,
But the pang of slighted feelings,
  Truth despised, and wounded pride :
Others might have scorned—have shunned me,
  Mocked me with unholy prayer,—
Words by thee unkindly spoken,
  Could my ardent spirit bear?

If a cloud of grief came o'er me—
  If affliction paled my cheek,
Still, my soul with doating fondness
  Strove its depth of love to speak ;
Wakened from a dream of sorrow—
  Wakened to a day of tears—
Hope was like an angel near me,
  Sitting on the throne of years.

Oft some sudden gush of feeling,
Like a wild electric flame,
Born of grief and strong conviction,
Oe'r my weary being came;
Then, the past was all forgotten—
Then, 'twas memory reigned alone;
Now, contending passions raging,
Pride subdued, and glory gone.

Mid this storm of hidden anguish—
Mid this darkness of the mind—
Proudly bore my wounded spirit,
Faithful still thy heart to find—
Faithful, though so unbelieving—
Faithful, though unlov'd again;
Time, that struck my idol passion,
Struggled on with thine in vain.

Hadst thou loved with less devotion—
Had thy heart been more thine own—
Dry and waterless the fountain
In the bosom's waste had grown;
Flowers regaled with summer freshness
There had never sought to spring—
Rays, that help the infant blossom,
Wither up the lifeless thing.

Would my heart had never wandered—
Never lost its hold on thee—
Nor, while clouds of anger threatened,
Ventured on a boist'rous sea:
But the night of pain is over—
Brighter skies are round me cast;
I may yet of thee be worthy—
Loved and loving to the last.

OLD TIME.

There's a mighty old Spirit abroad in the air,
And his footsteps are visible everywhere—
He hath been on the mountain all hoary with years,
And left it bedewed as with memory's tears—
He hath clambered o'er turret and battlement grey,
And wrapt them in mantles of silent decay—
He hath swept through the forest, and laid at a blow,
The stalwart oak, chief of the leafy tribe, low—
In Art, as in Nature, the vast and sublime
Still speak of the visits of grey-beard TIME.

He's a skeleton thing, with a countenance grim,
All toothless his gums, and his eyeballs dim—
A two-edged scythe in his lank bony hand—
His 'scutcheon's a hatchment and glass-ebbing sand—
A tiar of jewels, worm-eaten and black,
And arrows omnipotent slung at his back—
He mounts on the lightning, and leaps with the wind,
Destroying and scattering before and behind—
The sundial's shadow, and old abbey's chime,
Denote, with a warning, the mission of Time.

He roameth unwearied by night and by day,
A daring old footpad still tracking our way—
He feareth no dungeon, no judicial fate,
But plundereth alike from the beggar'd and great—
He nestleth with youth in its valley of flowers,
And sporteth with *love* through the eagle-winged hours—

But the bald-pated laird, and the tremulous knee,
The most he delighteth with ever to be—
While the wounded in heart, and the deepest in crime,
Beg a call from the mighty physician, Old Time.

He mindeth the traffic, both early and late,
That lineth the road to Eternity's gate,
And passeth none by, shod with earth's clayey mire,
But he taketh the body as toll for his hire ;—
The grandee may sit in his richly carved chair,
And the life's blood of insects indignantly wear—
The monarch may rule as a God, on his throne,
O'er the leasehold of ashes he maketh his own—
But the spoiler at last round their strong-holds shall climb,
And "six feet of earth" be the conquest of Time.

SONNET.

I dare not tread upon the meanest thing
His hand hath wisely formed, nor take away
The smallest life, His goodness hath endowed
For special purposes;—and when I see
The thoughtless wand'rer crush beneath his feet
The worm that hath not power to 'scape from death,—
Or wanton schoolboy, chase with vicious soul
The short lived insect, borne on summer's wing
It knows not whither: my proud heart leaps forth
With sudden indignation, to confront
The libeller of my nature, and resent
The sacrilegious insult offered God;
Who, for the glory it should bring his name,
Made himself manifest in all that breathes.

CHILDHOOD.

Sunny childhood—laughing childhood—
With thy locks of golden hair,
Sporteth on the wings of summer,
Naught so beautiful and fair;
Joy inspires thy every motion—
Mirth runs through thy fairy hours—
Freedom, round the high hills mantled,
Nestles in thy lap of flowers.

Happy childhood—lovely childhood—
Manhood hath its griefs and fears,
But no cloud of sorrow darkens
O'er thy bright and budding years;
Time may steal thy casket's treasure,
Leave no records on thy shore,—
Still, thy soul shall wake to rapture,
Bloom thy hopes in heaven once more.

Sunny childhood—hallowed childhood—
Nature triumphs in thy birth—
Infant angels watch around thee,
Tend thy pilgrimage on earth;
Thine the tribe of fragrant blossoms,
Thine the summer's brightest ray,—
Come they not to woo and win thee
Back again to endless day?

RECORDS OF THE HEART.

I have scaled the giant mountain,
Proudly dwelling in the sky—
I have wandered near the fountain,
As its waters sparkled by ;—
I have listened to the sighing
Of the cool autumnal breeze,
Till a spirit-voice replying,
Stirred the sunset tinted trees,—
And a beautiful emotion
Of rememb'rance was at hand,
Like the slumberer's on old ocean,
When he nears his native strand.

I have joined, with soul of gladness,
In the pleasures of romance—
With a transport nursed to madness,
Bounded through the mazy dance ;
And sweet music's influence stealing
Forth in fairy's silver tone,
Gave an impetus to feeling,
It could never call its own :
But my spirit tired of laughter,
Gathered deeper strength at last,—
And I wondered ever after
At the memories of the past.

Oh ! a silent watch, and lonely,
At the solemn "noon of night,"
I have kept, when spectres only
Flitted 'fore the troubled sight,—
And the death glance wildly meeting,
And the life entombing sigh,

And the gentle spirit fleeting
With the gentler closing eye,
Threw a cloud of deepest sorrow
O'er my youth's enchanted day,
No resplendence of the morrow
Ever yet hath chased away.

THE ACORN IS SOWN.

The acorn is sown—the acorn is sown—
And who in the lapse of time shall see,
When the root is strong, and the branches grown,
It flourish a hale and mighty tree,—
A tree, that shall long in its strength defy
The ravage of time and storm-clad blast—
For an age shall pass, and the great ones lie
Sheltered and nurs'd at its feet at last.

The acorn is sown, and the tree is grown
  Stately and firm as our native land—
Its boughs in the halls of the rich are known,
  Who mock at the generous heart and hand
That first, in the flow of a warm soul's tide,
  The acorn earthed with a patriot smile,
To germ and become, in its kingly pride,
  The guardian-fame of our victor Isle.

The acorn is sown—the acorn is grown—
  See where it hangs on the good old tree,
Like a gem from the hand of nature thrown,
  A scion of strength ere long to be;
When a parent oak, o'er the tempest main
  She cutteth her pathway free and wild,
To sever the link of oppression's chain,
  And wear the name of an Ocean Child.

SONG OF THE EAGLE.

I am the Eagle, as wild and free
As the curbless mountain torrents be ;
My flight is daring, my course is clear,
As the cloudling I track in its lonely sphere—
Braving the sunbeam, defying its form—
Breasting the whirlwind, and God of the storm ;
Ocean and desert alike hail me,
Child of the universe, proudly free !

The peacock may boast of his golden dyes,
Tinged with the shades of Italian skies—
The ostrich, king of the plume-decked tribe,
To himself a noble mien ascribe—
The bird of passage is fair to view,
And night looks down on the raven's hue;
But which of them all can boast like me,
Of a spirit as bold—a heart as free.

Well may the captive one caged despair,
And sigh for the beautiful fields of air;
Well may its lonely song be sad,
With no brighter scenes the heart to glad:
Man, who the fetter's clang disdains,
Debases a meaner thing with chains,
And foully blots the fair decree
Of HIM, who formed his creatures *free*.

I love the nightingale's timely lay,
Tuning "the knell of departed day;"
The linnet and goldfinch sweetly sing,
And their theme is that of a joyous thing;
The turtle-dove cooeth from dell to lea,
But the skylark approaches the nearest to me,
When she plumes with the spirit of morn her wings,
And her tril lil lil la, through the welkin rings.

I court not the dwellings of men, nor sweep
My way where the bat and the glow-worm creep;
The smile of beauty may seem divine,
But was made for other eyes than mine;
And what of the splendours of palace and dome,
Where the heart is imprisoned, and not at home?
What of them all? they delight not me,
Fashioned alone to love the free!

The cliff is my shelter, the crag my throne,
And I reign 'midst the terrors of nature alone ;
I list unalarmed to the fierce wolf's bay,
And sport with the furious ocean's spray ;
Where eye never dwelt, where foot never trod,
The Eagle visits, and makes his abode—
Where the schoolboy's hand is obliged to spare,
And the gun-shot loses itself in air.

The sun is my worship, and how I blaze
In the golden floods of his noontide rays !
I tune my song to the tempest's roar,
And depths of ethereal blue explore,
Where glories unravelled, divinely flow,
Which none but myself can ever know—
Whose high prerogative 'tis to be
Sun-born, wild, and proudly free !

I WILL THINK OF THEE, DEAREST.*

I will think of thee, dearest, when morning is breaking,
And gold-tinted clouds leap the bride-blushing sky;
When the lark through the welkin its pathway is making,
To join in the song of thanksgiving on high.

I will think of thee, dearest, when phœbus is sinking,
With fresh laurels decked, down the red western hill—
When the infant stars lit with devotion are thinking
Of Him, whom to gaze on they sweetly stand still.

* Set to a beautiful melody, by Miss Adela Gregory.

I will think of thee, dearest, when springtide is coming
To call from the earth Eden-lingering flowers—
When the praises of summer the small bird is humming,
And autumn looks back on the fairy winged hours.

I will think of thee, dearest, in sunshine and sadness—
When bowing the knee at the altar of prayer,
And thy love, as the eloquent tear-drop of gladness,
Shall melt on my lips, and rise silently there.

I will think of thee, dearest, and think of thee only,
Thy love as a blessing-fraught angel shall be ;
O, this world would a desert be, streamless and lonely,
Were I reft of one feeling that binds me to thee.

I will think of thee, dearest, and think of thee ever,
Till the dream of this earthly existence is gone ;
And the grave for a season our bodies may sever,
But in heaven our souls shall be counted as one.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Boy of the dark and starry eye,
Flashing in childhood's golden sky—
With ivory cheek, sun-lighted hair,
And merrier tone than thy smile is fair—
Call not harsh names, nor scornfully scan
The crippled form of yon aged man,
The strength of his youth hath long since fled ;
And a sacred thing is that hoary head.

Lovely and joyous once, e'en as thou,
Was that sad old man with the furrowed brow,
And pleasures, and play things, rare as fine,
Welcomed his glance, as they now do thine—
And as costly a home, and clothes as gay,
Were the new delights of his cloudless day,
Yet, he turned not his back on the suppliant's
prayer,
When the old man came with a blessing there.

Soon will the hopes of thy youth be past,
And sorrow and pain must come at last—
The ravage of time, and passion's strife,
As briars shall entangle the path of life—
And by friends deserted, and kindred dead,
Whose presence a heavenly influence shed,
Thy soul shall turn with a bitter sigh,
To the old man's tear, and the wand'rers cry.

And thy sunny locks, my thoughtless child,
And thy bounding step so free and wild,
May put on that silvery solemn grey,
And wear its suppleness fast away ;
And thy boist'rous mirth shall sound no more,
When thou waitest like him at the young child's door.—
Then mock not the old man, his youth hath fled,
And a sacred thing is that hoary head.

THE CROSS;

IN ANSWER TO THE INFIDEL ENQUIRY OF A POPULAR MODERN WRITER.

Askest thou in exultation,
What the Cross of Christ has done?
Ask the splendours of creation,
If they feel the noonday sun—
Ask reviving vegetation,
Gushing forth on joyful wing,
If it feels the inspiration
Of the breath enchanting spring.

Askest thou? Behold, and wonder
At the Cross of Calvary—
Own the terrors of its thunder—
Celebrate Love's jubilee—
Sinful, wretched man, offending—
Lost, exposed to endless pain;
DEITY himself descending,
Wipes away the curse and stain.

Swift as lightning spreads the story,
Echoed on from sea to shore—
Angel voices sing its glory,
Hallelujah, evermore—
Still it triumphs, braves the ocean,
Waxing louder every swell—
Empires, thrones, in wild commotion,
Tremble at the gates of hell.

Heathen temples fall before it—
Pagan rites and idols fall—
Savage hearts and tongues adore it,
Free'd from their unhallowed thrall.
Slavish souls, whose great oblation
'Twas to feed the altar's flame,
Hear the music of salvation
Worship Jesu's sacred name.

Infidels and sceptic scoffers,
Lost in the absorbing theme,
Spurn no longer mercy's offers,
Turn and taste the swelling stream.
Deserts sing the "man of sorrows,"
Cities hum with praise and prayer;
Every fleeting moment borrows
Heavenly winds a part to bear.

Ask yon star celestial, beaming
On night's cloudless bosom fair—
Calvary's blood-stained trophies streaming,
Life and death are written there.
Christ shall reign; and man's salvation,
Purchased on th' accursed tree,
Be an endless exultation
Throughout all eternity.

THE FREE.

The free—the free—the proudly free,
'Tis a grand and glorious sight to see ;
Whatever its form, and wherever its flight,
Tis a joyous thing with a path of light :
The desert bird, and the mountain blast,
The cataract wild, and the stately mast,
The untamed steed, and the bounding deer,
The red red flash, and the foam-built spear ;—
These are the free, and they scorn the slave,
In his courtly dome or his wigwam grave.—
The free—the free—the proudly free,
'Tis a grand and glorious sight to see.

A captive lay in a dungeon deep,
Where he seldom was welcomed by voice or sleep,
His bosom was heated with burning sighs,
And tears ran down from his bloodshot eyes,
As he watched through the grating a bright sunbeam,
Seeking him there like an early dream;
And it went and came, and went and came,
Through the livelong day did that spectre flame,
Till it came no more,—then that captive lone
Sang with a maniac's plaintive tone,—
The free—the free—the proudly free,
'Tis a grand and glorious sight to see.

A pauper stood in the poor-house yard,
His meals were scant, and his straw bed hard—
He paced the stones with a thoughtful brow,
For husband and father he was not now;

When an insect bright, on a golden wing,
Passed by with the hallowing breath of spring,
And spoke of the blossoms, but could not stay
In that prison house yard from the flowers away,—
He followed it still with an eager eye,
Then sang with a stifled mournful cry,—
The free—the free—the proudly free,
'Tis a grand and glorious sight to see.

SONNET.

I scarce can deem thee mortal, scarce believe
That aught of earthly origin is shaped
In such divinity; and though this heart
May never hope to hold a place in thine,
Yet have I gazed upon thee till the tide
Of life grew glorious, and passion seemed,
In its sublime devotion, such a thing
As angels shrink from, lest their thoughts should turn
To worship of the creature. Is it so?
Have thine eyes all the language of the stars?
Is thy voice as the music of the spheres?
O, then, what kind of heaven must that be,
Lit by the smiles of shining companies,
When *thine* can make life's waste a Paradise.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

"We have this week to record the death of a youth named Maple stone, under the following circumstances:—He formed one of the crew of the *African Queen*, which arrived in the roads, at Bristol, a few days ago, after a long voyage on the coast of Africa. He went into the shrouds, for the purpose of taking down the Union Jack, and was returning to the deck, with the flag on his arm, when he beheld land, and cried to one of his mates, 'Three cheers for old England! and three cheers for home!' He had hardly uttered the sentence, when the wind caught in the folds of the flag, and blew him overboard. Every exertion was made to save him, but in vain; he struggled for a short time, and sank entangled in the flag."—Bristol Times.

'Twas a fine, a giant vessel, with a bold and manly
crew,
And she rode in stately grandeur o'er the ocean wild
and blue,
Like Apollo in his glory, when he mounts his eastern
car,
Or a victor crowned with laurels, coming proudly from
the war.

Long on the coast of Africa a roamer she had been,
Mid scorching heats and buffetings of weather change
and scene ;
Where the phantom of oppression broods, a spiritless
decree,
And the light of nature triumphs o'er a fallen people,
free.

And many bitter sorrowings her gallant hearts had
known,
As they watched the billow pyramid, and listened to
its tone ;
The smiles of kindred welcomed them, and voices fond
and dear,
And the presence of the future dashed away a falling
tear.

But joy is now their visitor, that ship is homeward bound.
Loud rings the note of revelry, the toast goes freely
round ;

While still the vessel silently steals on her depthless way,
And lashes with her oaken ribs the mad and leaping spray.

Old England's alabaster cliffs she fast approaches now,
And sunny waves are dancing round her high and queenly prow,
No longer danger threatens them, the peril hour is past,
There's music in the breaker's roar and in the howling blast.

But hark! that cry of agony, the language of despair,
That makes the stoutest heart to quake, and mingles everywhere;
It comes from out the voiceless deep, that madd'ning cry to "save,"—
The buoyant heart and lofty hope have found an ocean grave.

O, he the proudest of the crew, with home-fraught
feelings rife,
Inspired through memory's imagery, hath lost the
chance of life ;
Or was it that some kindly fate thus interposed to stay
The passion dream, lest rapture's self should tear his
soul away.

He stood amid the mazy shrouds when Albion met
his view,
And bearing in his trembling hand her colours bright
and blue ;
"Three cheers, three cheers for England, boys, three
cheers, three cheers for home!"
Rang from the mizen-top and swept athwart the briny
foam.

"Three cheers for home!" again he gave, with spirit
light and free ;
Alas! he little thought that home he never more
should see ;—

For the spirit of destruction in her wanderings was nigh,
And dashed him from his footing, as she swiftly
glided by.

He fell with a convulsive groan into the yawning main,
And rushed the bravest of his mates to rescue him,
in vain:
He sank, and sorrow rent the air in lamentations loud,
The colours of his native land—his coffin, shield and
shroud.

Death lingered in that joyous shout—a brief and
hurried knell—
The wildness of that after hour no tongue can ever tell;
A face familiar to each one had lately passed from sight,
And left upon the wond'ring crew a deeper gloom
than night.

And on that gallant vessel rode, regardless of the dead,
Though silent sorrow paced the deck with sad and
mournful tread;

And wailings deep of stricken hearts were heard upon the shore,
Such as the past hath registered, but none may witness more.

For when the veterans of the deep leaped on their native land,
And felt the hasty blessing of a warm extended hand,
One grouping family was seen to turn aside and weep—
The youth they should have welcomed there lay buried in the deep.

No costly stone, no humble slab, the old churchyard may show,
Yet mercy gilds the swelling floods where many sleep below,—
And when his Captain from aloft shall bid the sleeper rise,
No Union Jack shall intercept his passage to the skies.

COME WITH ME.

Come with me, come with me,
Over the mountain,
Down through the valleys,
By streamlet and fountain;
Where the wild blossoms
Their beauty unfold,
And the day sparkles
In rivers of gold.

Come with me, come, love,
The sun-god's on high,
Flooding the earth with
The light of his eye;
See where he rests upon
Woodland and tree:
Spirit of glory,
From darkness set free.

Come, love, before us
The fairies have been,
Where the winds whisper
Their footsteps are seen;
The bright gems of morning,
That perish ere even,
Would borrow thine image
To wear it in heaven.

THE OLD STORM KING.

SET TO MUSIC AND SUNG BY MR. HENRY RUSSELL, THE AMERICAN VOCALIST.

Who, who is this fearful old stranger we see,
So mighty in aspect, so reckless and free ;
With death in his fierce glance, a brow lit with ire,
A helmet of darkness, and buckler of fire ;
Whom the winds, and the oaks, and the oceans obey,
In conflict engage, or pass swiftly away ?
Who, who is this dread foe, and what doth he bring?
I learn from his vesture—the " Old Storm King."

In grandeur terrific he cleaveth the sky,
With sheets of blue lightning swift-winged on high,
The whirlwind and red bolt his chariot and wheel,
The black cloud his banner, and thunder his peal;
He dasheth along to each violent deed,
With woe for his pæan and wrath for his creed;
And the shafts he so wildly around doth fling,
Proclaim him to be—the "Old Storm King."

He shouts from his throne, and the loud thunders crash,
The torrents descend, and the fierce lightnings flash;
Deep wailings of wonder, distress, and despair,
O'er land and o'er ocean embosom the air;
The strong man may laugh, and the tiny one jeer,
But a spell is upon them when he cometh near;
And the grey locks of time to creation may cling,
But are all blotted out by—the "Old Storm King."

He cometh in terror, the vast mountains shake,
The citadel flames, and earth's huge pillars quake ;
The proudest achievements of man are his spoil,
He wars with the forest, and tears up the soil ;
The vessel he hurls on the merciless rock,
And the universe groans with a maddening shock ;
The grandest, the strongest, the stateliest thing
Must bow to the nod of the—" Old Storm King."

THE OLD MARINER.

The old, the sunburnt mariner,
A hardy man was he,
And threescore years and two had toiled
Upon the dang'rous sea ;
And now his spirit yearned for home,
To lay him down to sleep, —
But the grave of an old mariner
Is in the silent deep.

The vessel neared, each heart was fired,
When, just in sight of land,
Pale death the brave old mariner
Took gently by the hand.
They lowered him to his ocean bed,
All eyes were seen to weep,—
For the grave of the old mariner
Was in the silent deep.

THE CHILD'S ENQUIRY.

What is Love, Mother?

Love, my child?

An exotic that dwells not in garden or wild,
The heart is its soil, and it sweetly blooms there;
But its beauty is fading, the frost-nipping air
Of neglect or unfaithfulness withers its bloom,
And hastens it down to the desolate tomb.
Love not, my child, it may dazzle the eye,
But your loved one will wound you, your idol will die.

What *is* Death, Mother?

Death, my child,
Is the soul from its earthly home exiled;
'Tis the calm of the grave, a pillow of clay
For the head, when life's troubles have passed away;
When the day-dreams of hope, and the friends we adore,
At the shrine of affection can bless us no more.
'Tis the valley of bones, child, an avenue given,
Which leadeth the spirit to joy and heaven.

What *is* Heaven, Mother?

Heaven, my child,
Is a beautiful place, (and the mother smiled,
As she thought of those who had gone before,
And waited to welcome her on that shore,)
'Tis a beautiful place beyond the sky,
And never was seen by mortal eye.—
Forget not thy God at a throne of prayer,
And we shall spend an Eternity there.

BIRKENHEAD.

Birkenhead is one of those human achievements, which, in the annals of modern history, not unfrequently intrude themselves upon our attention. A dozen years ago this flourishing township was a small village, with about two hundred inhabitants; and now, strange to say, owing to the exertions and influence of William Jackson, John Laird, Thomas Potter, Esqs., and other gentlemen, whose names are an honour to their day and generation, it possesses a population exceeding twenty thousand, has the most extensive ferries in England, and streets, squares, public buildings, and docks in course of active erection; which promise to make it not only one of the finest British ports, but a shrine whereon shall be perpetuated the memory of those who have been instrumental in raising this great national monument.

Garlands for victors! laurels for the brow
Of nature's sons, who proudly toil to raise,
In the imperishable world of mind,
A new creation. And far nobler praise,
Than mortal ever offered or received,
Be his who builds a city. May the gods

Adopt the generous structure of his hands,
And Science, Art, and Commerce cast their wealth
And splendours at his feet; till, like the tree
Whose blossoms yield a morning sacrifice,
The pow'rful incense of a glorious work
Ascends, on downy pinions, up to heav'n,
And wins from an eternal round of years
The records of a deathless life and name.

THE EVERGREEN.

The spirit of beauty and smiles hath been
As a spring-born sun with the Evergreen;
It waveth in joy, and whisp'reth life,
Through the darkest hour of old winter's strife;
And its leaves enamelled, of dark green hue,
Fresh as the mountain's early dew;
Studded with jewels, from glacial mines,
Rival the dolphin's latest signs.

The misletoe hangeth in baron's hall,
Mocking the knight on the ancient wall ;
And the ivy slim, with a borrowed power,
Creepeth o'er ruin and battle tower.
But the old bough fadeth, dethroned at last,
And the tough stone crumbles in Time's rude blast ;
While the Evergreen flourisheth, o'er the land,
The pride of a rare and stately band.

It crowneth with glory the warrior brave,
The patriot, martyr, and orator's grave ;
It strengthens the mighty pillars of state,
Enlivens the cottage, and homes of the great ;
Bedecking sweet Mem'ry in garlands of flow'rs,
Caught up with the freshness of summer noon hours.
Still waving, when Winter comes on with his gloom,
O'er Nature sepulchred in beautiful bloom.

"LONG LIVE THE QUEEN."

FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

Hail to this day! the natal day
  Of her who sits on England's throne;
May blessings long—a countless throng—
  Round Brunswick's royal house be thrown.
From earth to skies, let songs arise
  Where'er the British flag is seen;
Till nations cry, with heartfelt joy,
  And Heaven responds, "Long live the Queen."

Hark, to the sound that swells around
From yon cathedral's ancient bells,
What glories dear of many a year
Their ever welcome music tells.
The cannon's roar, from isle to shore,
In desert waste, and woodland green,
Inspires a song, and borne along,
The burden is, "Long live the Queen."

"The heart how cold," intensely cold,
That never owns its sovereign's praise,
Or breathes one prayer to Him, whose care
Has lengthened out her span of days;
The genial tide of loyal pride
Within his breast hath never been,
Or he would feel a patriot's zeal,
And proudly sing "Long live the Queen."

Long may she reign, and guard the main,
Till freedom's latest beams are shed;
Upholding still with sovereign will
The cause for which her fathers bled.
Oh, may she bless the fatherless,
The poor and wronged from misery screen,
And justify the transport high,
Whose echo wakes—"Long live the Queen."

And when the strife of mortal life,
The robe and sceptre pass away,
May angels wait at glory's gate
To lead her on to endless day;
And He, whose power appoints the hour
For kings to quit this mortal scene,
Replace the crown death trampled down,
While angels shout "Long live the Queen."

"DUST TO DUST."

O, well I remember the deep solemn sound
That fell on mine ear in yon burial ground,
With a mournful air uttered, inaudibly low,
By one who has slumbered there "long ago"—
It spoke of corruption, the worm, and the grave,
When death his barque launches on time's dark wave;
The sorrow of friends, and the calm of the dead,
When the spirit has homeward heavenward fled;
Of a triumph at last, and the bliss of the blest,
When as jewels they hang on Eternity's breast—
Then a coffinless train flitted by as a dream,
And all I could catch of that mystical theme
Was—"Dust to Dust."

Full twenty bright summers have passed o'er my
brow,
But I ne'er felt the truth of that warning till now;
When with deep-rooted anguish, rememb'rance,
and tears,
I look for the playmates of infancy's years,
And find them not treading the corn covered lea,
To gather a wild blossom welcome for me:
They are gone—gone—all gone,—yet each old
haunt's the same,
Where we bounded with joy through our holiday
game;
And the friends of my bosom, each relative dear,
The lone hearth and vacant seat whisper, 'not here;'
To the warder of memory I turn in despair,
And my manly heart sinks—what I see written
there,
Is—"Dust to Dust."

The proud ones of earth sit in purple and gold,
And their names in the parchment of pride are enrolled,
While Nature, appalled, from her dwelling looks down
On the handful of Dust that composes a crown;
But the Grave calls to arms, and dishonoured they fall—
The valley of death is no banquetting hall,—
And the rude hind who knelt at their impious nod,
Prostrating to idols the image of God,
Now mixes his ashes with those of his lord,
Alike equal guests at the worm's dainty board;
The patriarch sleeps where the warrior bled,
And they wait our approach, the same vista to tread,

From "Dust to Dust."

The pinnacled temples of mortals are high,
And kiss the soft lips of the cloud-loving sky,
Majestic in structure, and strangely sublime,
Fit shrines for the daring old potentate Time;
O'er the vast spoil of centuries wildly to stand,
And scatter the spells of his stone-warring hand;
Believe it not child—tis a fond mother's tale,
The mountains and forests he weighs in his scale.
From the moment that gave to existence the world,
Its altars and fanes Time to ruin hath hurled,—
Whether raised as triumphs of glory or worth,
They're a meal for the worm, and the song of the earth
Is—"Dust to Dust."

A spectre looks out from the fathomless sea
Of a bleak and a dark eternity—
It speaks in a strange unearthly tone,
And the scenes of this changing world are gone,

With the beautiful multiform they wore,
And shall be in the realms of space no more ;
But whence these new glories that rise and roll?
Speak they the bliss of the fetterless soul ?
Then away, my spirit, away, away
To the boundless heights of eternal day ;
The pride of the flesh and its lusts are past,
And the great Archangel's trumpet blast
Says—" Dust to Dust."

THOUGHTS,

Suggested by the elegant Monument lately erected in Cherry Street Chapel, Birmingham, to the memory of the Rev. John Bumby, who was drowned at New Zealand; to which place he was sent as a missionary.

Oh, why this sculptured cenotaph of woe,
Where hope's sweet strains in richest music flow?
Can "storied urn," can polished marble tell
A Bumby's loss, whose sad and solemn knell
By spirits of the vasty deep was given,
And borne on mingling oceans up to heaven?
Can splendid mockeries, which appal the eye,
Dry up the tear, relieve the burning sigh?
Oh, no; yet memory cherishes a name,
And fondly clings to architectural fame.

If piety exalted—virtue rare,
Affection, zeal, philanthropy, may share
A mortal's sympathy, 'tis courted here:
Honour the sainted pastor with a tear;
Tread in his steps, improve his mournful fate,
Act for eternity, Death's signal wait.—
When time's last fleeting particles are fled,
The caverns of the deep must yield their dead;
And we shall meet him, on yon golden shore,
Who is not lost, but only "gone before."
As from the worm's dark empire proudly rose
The mangled Son, triumphant o'er his foes,—
So the departed, with unclouded eyes,
Shall hail the blood-bought grandeur of the skies;
And crowned with life, with saints and angels sing
The wond'rous love of heaven's eternal King.

THE ANCIENT WARRIORS.

A song to old Antiquity,
A song to valor's school,
A resurrection of the past,
In this our day of rule ;
I long to see the mighty dead,
In mem'ry's garb again,
And hear each cause maintained of yore,
In modern minstrel's strain.

Our deathless sires, with purpose high,
Most nobly fought and bled,
And honoured with their ashes is
The dust whereon we tread;
The martyr shrank not from the stake,
Nor warrior from the field,
And heaven, with glory of its own,
Their sepulchres hath sealed.

Fond mothers armed their gallant sons,
Whose cause was charged aright,
And led them out, the youthful brave,
To triumph in the fight;
Still following in their father's steps,
The bearers of his shield,
They fell before a haughty foe,
But never thought to yield.

And daughters, who no sons could give
To honour freedom's cause,
Themselves with daring hand espoused
Her high and holy laws;
A wildness, wrung from struggling hope,
To woman's arm was given,
And every blow, for justice dealt,
Appeared the work of heaven.

When first, from cragland top, and glen,
The fearful summons came,
A thousand voices answered it—
A thousand, yet the same;—
And up they rose, a mighty host,
In battle's fierce array,
To brush, with wet and crimson feet,
The early dews away.

O ! 'twas a solemn sight to see
Those spirit-prompted men
Forsake, with banner's pomp, the homes
They ne'er might see again ;
The infant struggling at the hand,
The blessings breathed on high,
With sighs and tears that might have brought
An angel from the sky.

And they had homes as we have, they
Had household altars fair,
" Where love domestic sat enthroned "
In living forms of prayer ;
And morn and eve, the rosy child
Bestrode the parent's knee,
To hold communion with that God
His little thoughts could see.

What joy was in the father's heart,
While yet his offspring knelt,
And down the patriot's cheek, in tears
His spirit seemed to melt;
He knew—and thus in trial's hour
Was strengthened to sustain—
Those hands so sweetly clasped to heaven
Should burst oppression's chain.

Peace to their bones—the sainted dead,
Whose memories cannot die:
Who sleeps within a patriot's grave,
Hath won a name on high.
And when the countless host of stars
Burn out in yonder skies,
To glory that may never fade
Their slumb'ring dust shall rise.

THERE'S A BOW IN THE CLOUD.

Children of earth, who in darkness and sorrow
Are pining the last of existence away,
Without e'en a flower for the tomb of to-morrow,
Or blessings to cheer you while yet it is day,
Oh, steadfastly turn to yon beautiful heaven,
Where stars, round the throne of the Deity, crowd,
And learn that, though trial and anguish are given,
For those who will trust there's a Bow in the Cloud.

The fond and the faithful, in death are they sleeping,
Do cherished ones leave you, and friendships decay,
Are the waves of adversity over you sweeping,
And the dew-drops of hope all dissolving away?
Too often the heart-breaking pang of affliction
Subdues e'en the spirit most prone to be proud;
Yet, why should it stifle the rooted conviction—
Which tells us there still is a Bow in the Cloud.

Whatever the evils in life that betide you,
The thunder may roll, and the tempest may rave,
There's a power in all seasons to govern and guide you,
A hand to protect, and an ark that can save;
No matter the country, the clime, or the feature,
In palace exalted, or slavery bow'd,
The glory of God, and the joy of the creature,
Is, when at the worst, there's a Bow in the Cloud.

A SIMILE.

Look on yon setting sun—behold those rays
In glory glittering, how bright they shine—
Wrapt in the lustre of his lordly blaze,
Making the firmament, as they decline
In gorgeous panoply, appear a sea
Of liquid fire, upon whose wave-built breast,
In all the herald pomp of majesty,
Rides the departing voyager to rest.

So the tired christian dies—his warfare o'er,
On earthly objects flattering closed his eyes;
He lingers on the still receding shore,
Hope upward winged, his thoughts to glory rise.
Faith triumphs in his death; he feels his soul
Transfused, contemplating the vast abyss,
And o'er his head time's closing torrents roll,
Till, all eternalized, he sinks to bliss.

SONG.

Oh, when again with mutual feet
Shall we revisit former scenes,
Where high the branching cedars meet,
Or where the cottage jasmine leans?
Oh, when, while summer's golden skies
Illume the earth with smiles divine,
Shall I behold those gentle eyes,
And listen to that voice of thine?

The tide of memory, warm and strong,
Still flows in torrents to the last,
And every wave that sweeps along
Bears some new idol like the past;
My spirit in the future dwells,—
Now, present hopes are round me thrown:
Alas! it is but passion's spells—
I wake, to find myself alone.

A BIRTH-DAY WREATH FOR A POETESS.

A wreath, a wreath, a noble wreath, for woman's lofty brow,
Of blossoms plucked by angels' hands from an immortal bough,
All redolent with odours floating o'er ambrosial plains,
And fraught with an instinctiveness of song in seraph's veins;
O, such a wreath, a lasting wreath of glory would I twine,
To deck thy virgin temples, favoured daughter of the nine.

A wreath, a wreath, a golden wreath, but not of jewels rare,
Resplendent gems, with costly blaze, to mock the vacant stare;

Let coral beds and crystal mines untouched, exhausted, be,
With India's world of costliness, and treasures of the sea;—
How vain were pearl and diamond, however proudly worn,
The fame-lit brow of nature's child, song gifted, to adorn.

A wreath, a wreath, a sunny wreath, nor yet of cultured gems:
Of greenhouse growth—by science nursed, to mimic diadems;—
The acacia's plush, camilla's tint, arrayed in summer hue,
Exotic to the healthful breeze, and dawn empurpled dew,
May lift their heads attractively, to greet the passer by,
But gain no creature homage from the inward mental eye.

A wreath, a wreath, a birth-day wreath, of elegant wild flowers,
Saved in the morn of Paradise, ere sin destroyed its bowers;
And scattered with a gracious hand profusely o'er the sod,
To teach the plodding peasant boy the character of God;

And lead the more ambitious mind, from objects far less
fair,
To feel, with speechless wonderment, His presence
lurking there.

Yes, these, the wild and beautiful, thy coronal shall be,
The fairest glories of the year, the hardy and the free ;
They scorn the studious toil of art, its pampered smile
and form,
Inured to brave the sultry beam and thunder rolling storm—
No feverish palm oppresseth them, but only childhood's
hand,
When youth and joy, and innocence, go forth, a merry
band.

With hopes of future happiness, O may they be to thee,
As spirits from a brighter world, beyond time's darkling
sea,
Unfolding sweetest landscapes still, through each
succeeding day,
No midnight sorrows of the past can ever chase away ;

For whatsoe'er of silent grief thy faithful heart hath known,
A purer hope, a deeper joy, around thy path are thrown.

For, where the hand of poesy hath wrought its mystic spells,
Within that summer breast a soul-refreshing fountain dwells:
And as Bethesda, troubled by the angel of the Lord,
The impotent and dying one to instant life restored,
Its healing waters silently glide through the aching heart,
To bid the power of grief be still, the canker-worm depart.

'Tis no mean nature where this gift of Deity's enshrined:
An earthly ore, by heavenly fire mysteriously refined;
And every lofty hope, that in the ardent bosom dies,
But helps it onward, struggling for the grandeur of the skies,—
While all that withereth on earth, in sickness and in pain,
Shall burst the prison bonds of death, and claim its own again.

TO CHARLES WILKINS, ESQ.

Among the many Barristers of the day, there is, perhaps, none more popular than this distinguished pleader; his commanding manner, touching eloquence, liberal feeling, ready wit, and clear perception, together with an utter abandonment of self in the zealous discharge of the duties he owes to his client and society—all conspire to render him one of the brightest ornaments of the British Bar.

Friend of the wretch, by every friend forsook,
Who with majestic eloquence disarms
Presiding Justice, and from Mercy's seat
Brings gentle pity down with tearful eye;
If words have power, and guardian angels take
An interest in our planet, they must feel
A rapture beyond utt'rance, when thou stand'st—
Like Jupiter himself, on Mars' high hill—
To fling thy lightnings in the face of death,
And save an erring mortal from the tomb,
Who yet may live, by penetential prayer,
To gain forgiveness at the court of Heaven.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

TO MY FRIEND CHARLES BRITTAIN.

When day's last blushes tinge the west,
And stars are gathering in the sky;
While summer flowers retire to rest,
Or shed their silken leaves and die;
When death has dimm'd the starry light
Of eyes we loved, and loved too well;
'Tis time to wish our friends—good night—
'Tis time to bid the world—farewell.

Good night, my Friend, the day is spent,
And darker hours are coming on;
No more, on sage instruction bent,
We muse o'er classic page alone.
But still, though cherish'd hopes decline,
While mem'ry holds the past in sight,
My prayers shall be of thee and thine—
Good night, my honour'd Friend, good night.

And now farewell, thou changing world,
Whate'er hath been, or hoped to be,
A brighter prospect is unfurl'd,
Beyond the gulph of death, to me.
The stars look down with prayerful light,
The voice is hushed we loved so well.
Good night to all—a long good night;
Farewell, thou changing world, farewell.

W. Taylor, Printer, 11, North John Street, Liverpool.